

The Bayonet

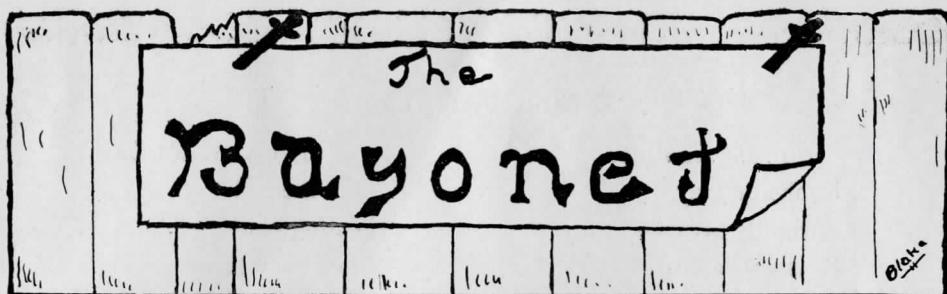


35¢

Wine
Wimmin
and Football
in this issue

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DRESS PARADE

From the road:

Ranks of grey
Sprightly array—
Brasses gleam
Colors stream
Sabers flash
Claret cash
Swinging by
Heads on high
Shining feather
Clear, crisp weather
Drums bass throat
Trumpets note
Eyes Right!
Martial sight
Row on row
Passing go

From the Ranks:

On the hill
Biting chill
Leaden weight
Of Springfield freight
Fingers locked
On frozen stocks
Indefinite wait
Getting late—
Same old gag
Feet that drag
Same old blare
Of vintage rare
Stagger on
All forlorn
Each day repeat
Same old feat—

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind;
So if you see some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh, don't be too wise.

—*Sniper.*

"IT"

Gentlemen—We have the honor to present you with our first issue of THE BAYONET. It was our main endeavor in this issue to exceed any of your anticipations, and if this is done our first issue will have been a success. You may note at a glance the difference from last year's BAYONET. We have taken the criticisms and good points of last year's BAYONET and boiled them down to get the issue which you are now reading. Here "IT" is, gents. What do you think of "IT"?

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WINE, WOMEN, AND FOOTBALL

By ROBERT WAINWRIGHT

Dusk. A chilly wind blew down the street swirling piles of dead leaves into a mad maelstrom. Lights blinked on in the houses along University row, resembling fire-flies in the growing darkness. Supper bells tinkled merrily, and from the interior of fraternity houses there issued forth snatches of songs.

Two figures stood by one of the many whitewashed front yard gates. The figures belonged to Donald Reede and Louise Brockwell respectively. First—an introduction to Don Reede. He was captain of the football team at Southern University, was an honor man in his class, and belonged to one of the leading fraternities in the University. He was not good looking—his chin was too strong, and his hair should have been curly in order to suit his powerful face, but instead it was slicked back, a glowing mass of black. But even though Don could not be called good looking, there was something about him that attracted women—in fact he was just a trifle conceited about it. And Don had a girl—but more of that later.

Louise Brockwell was an unusually pretty girl, but Don could not see it. In his eyes she was very nice and agreeable to talk to. But something lurked in those big brown eyes of Louise's that she would not let Don see. She laughed and showed rows of pearl white teeth between two red lips. She stopped every evening at the front gate to have a word with Don on his return from football practice. She was the daughter of old Mrs. Brockwell, who ran a boarding house next door to Don's fraternity house, and was looked upon by all the University students as being a "heluva good sport."

As Don came up on this particular afternoon Louise was there to greet him as usual.

"Hello Don," she said, "the fellows are looking good on the field now, aren't they?"

"Why-a-yes Lou," he replied, "the boys have worked hard this week. I'll be glad when tomorrow is over, though. Then we can settle down to our last week of training before we lick old Raleigh."

"Well Don, if you all beat Tech tomorrow, I know you will beat Raleigh," said Louise, "and Don I'll be rooting for you."

"Thanks Lou," he answered, "then, well I guess I'd better go inside, practice makes you hungry—nite Lou."

"Good night, Don."

That's all it was. All it ever was, evening after evening Don would come home and this little conversation would ensue. Then Don would say good night, and Louise would go to her house and wait on the table for supper, and then wash countless dishes after the meal. Of course Louise had her friends. All the boys in her house would do any thing for her, and one little freshman was, or rather imagined himself, quite in love with her, and wrote poetry about her. But Louise wanted Don, and at times she would get so blue that tears would over-

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flow the big brown eyes and form little puddles on the sink by the pile of dirty dishes. Well, maybe the worm would turn some day she thought.

As Don walked up the steps to his room, a feeling of contentment seemed to dominate him. Was he not the captain of the team, and the boys were working fine too. College was a swell old place after all.

Southern University beat Tech the next day. Tech put up their usual battle and threatened the Southern team with long passes to the last whistle. Don intercepted one of these passes, and, twisting and squirming, he fought his way through the Tech aggregation for a touchdown. The final score was; Southern 20—Tech 8.



I used to shower my girls with presents, but it ain't going to rain no more.

Hair sleeked back, tucked around her ears from which long pendulous earrings hung. And her eyes—a greenish gray color; cat eyes is the only way they could be described. When she became angry they would be narrow slits, with pin points of light shooting from them, but when she became sentimental they would be large, round, orbs, sad and wholly alluring. She raised a kind of orange tinted lipstick, the color of which seemed to show off her green-gray eyes all the more. And rows of white teeth between those orange-tinted lips could smile and sneer, as the occasion would see fit. The perfume she wore had a scent that reminded one of the Orient. She wore tight dresses that seemed to cling to her skin, and showed off her well rounded figure. On top of all this she had Don in her hold and she knew it. He could not see the quick temper that lay behind the false mask of her face, but only that she was sweet to him and he thought she loved him.

When Don arrived at Mirelle's that night she was standing in the front hallway waiting for him. He took her in his arms and kissed her. His heart pounded against his ribs at the way she responded to his kisses.

Finally: "Where are all the rest of the bunch honey?"

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"Oh, they'll be over later Don, dear; now come on out to the kitchen and help me mix the cocktails," she replied.

She offered him a cocktail, but he told her not to be absurd, she knew that the Big Game was only a few days off. Don walked back to the parlor and sat down on the sofa. In a moment Mirelle was by his side handing him a glass of milk—of course he could drink milk! Then she returned to the kitchen to continue preparing the trays. Don set the glass on top of a magazine, as he idly turned the pages of another, then he noticed that the magazine under the glass was one of the recent college publications. He lifted the glass, but the bottom was moist and stuck to the first page, pulling the page open and between the first and second page a note stared up at him. What first caught his eye was a "Raleigh" engraved at the top and the note ran:

"Darling Mirelle—To get Southern we must get Reede—you know that—here are the powders, they will work in any beverage. We will meet after the game and take the train to New York. Give these powders to him two or three days before the game. Always your, Edward."

Don took a sip of the milk. It had turned sour. He had been framed! He picked up the glass of milk and it crashed to the floor, just as Mirelle entered the room with a tray of glasses.

"Why Don!" she exclaimed.

Something like a bolt of lightning seemed to dart in front of Don's eyes.

"You dirty little * * * *," he yelled as he struck her with the back of his hand across the mouth.

Glasses crashed to the floor. Don stepped over her prostrate body into the hall and slammed the door behind him. The last glimpse he had of Mirelle she was lying amidst a pile of broken glasses with a tiny streak of blood coursing its way from the corners of her mouth down her swan-like throat.

In the game Don was like a mad man. It was the last quarter and he had already counted with two touchdowns for his team and was on his way for the third. Holes opened in the line through which he darted like a rabbit. The stands roared for him, but he did not hear—he hardly heard the signals. Twenty seconds to play! He was playing around left end—he must make it—only fifteen, ten, five yards to go—someone was on his heels—his lungs were bursting—he crossed the touchdown line without knowing it. His eyes were shut tight and tears streamed from them, when suddenly with a blinding crash he ran head-on into the goal post and fell—a crumpled unconscious mass to the ground. He was carried, still unconscious from the field by a stretcher surrounded by a seething manical mob. The final score of the game was Southern 19, Raleigh 3.

When Don came to he was conscious first of an aching head and body, but, at the same time, felt cool sheets covering him and perfect calm dominated him. He was in the infirmary he knew and it was dark. Then the game came to his mind—Southern had won! His team, good boys, every one.

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Gosh he was glad that Raleigh was well beaten—Mirelle—Oh damn Mirelle—He had seen her for the last time—then he fell asleep again.

When he awoke the sunlight was pouring through the windows of the ward, shining on the little green ferns in the window boxes, and making the lace curtains in the windows look ever so white—and—"Louise," he exclaimed suddenly. For she was standing there at the foot of the bed looking like a dream. The sun shone on her soft brown hair and her eyelashes were wet—she had been crying—crying for him.

Suddenly her mouth opened in a sunny little smile. "I brought you these flowers Don—and I do hope you'll be all right."

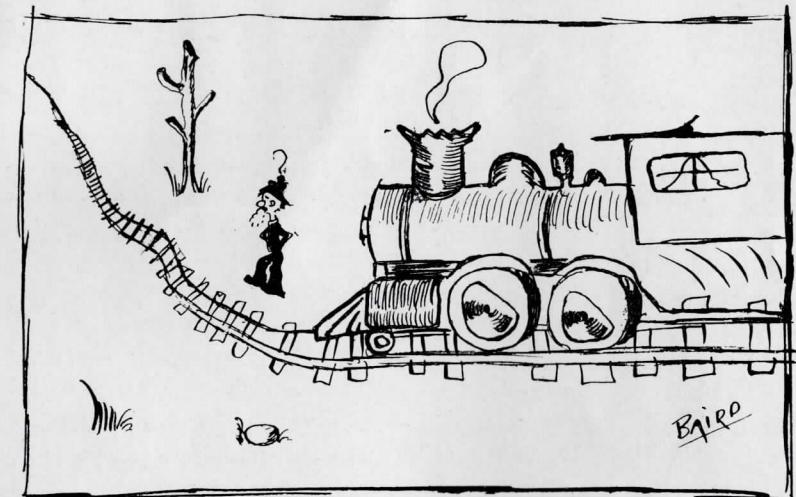
Don was tongue tied. Something welled inside his throat. He took the flowers from her and said in a husky voice: "Please come and sit by the bed dear, I've something important to talk to you about."

When she had seated herself by the bedside, Don, for the first time, really saw the big brown eyes. Something like an electric current passed through him as he looked into their depths.

An hour later when the nurse came in to take Don's temperature, she emitted a little cry of surprise as she saw her patient in the arms of a pretty little brown haired girl.

[THE END]

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Crack Engineer of the Cannon Ball Limited: "My cripes, I'm lost! Where do I go from here?"

Gently strumming,
Softly humming
Melodies to you ;
Heart replying,
Sweetly sighing
"Love is pure and true."
Hours of weakness,
Days of bleakness,
Tempt and sorely try ;
Comes a gladness,
Hence the sadness.
Love's influence is nigh.

Strength imparted,
Lion-hearted,
Face the dawning day ;
Grief and anguish
Love will vanquish.
How can I repay ?
Never bother,
God the Father
Planned it from above ;
Freely given,
Born of heaven,
Love asks only Love.

Gently strumming,
Softly humming,
"Love is pure and true";
Heart is sighing,
Ever sighing,
"Darling I love you."

There's an Orange moon in the twisted tree ;
There's a toy ship on the lifting sea,
And here on the beach for you and me ;
There's a driftwood fire alight.
The Orange Moon will wane with the dawn,
The toy ship will sail on and on ;
The flames of the fire will flicker and fade,
But—We will have had tonight.

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O BELOVED CHEER LEADER IN
A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS

Old Man: "Why is a gross Rat like a canoe?"
Rat: "Dunno, Sir."

Old Man: "Because both behave better when paddled well behind."

Editor: "Who wrote these jokes?"

Rat: "I did, Sir."

Editor: "Hummm, you must be older than you look."

THE LATEST SONG HIT

Hi Diddle, Friddle.

With a Sousaphone solo.

Captain: "What do you think of Il Penseroso?"

Bright Pupil: "It's the best five-cent cigar on the market."

May: "I don't like Tom. He knows too many dirty songs."

June: "Does he sing them to you?"

May: "No, but he whistles them."

95: "What's the reason you didn't get on Fresh Air this month?"

65: "Seven subjects."

First Rat: "Where ya goin'?"

Second Rat: "To dress parade."

First Rat: "Wazza matter—can't he dress himself?"

—*Sniper.*

P: "What made the general sick?"

Q: "Things in General, Sir."

—*Sniper.*

Captain: "Give me a sentence using the word Cherub."

Monk: "The birds are cherubing in the trees."

Payne: "Hutzler, did you take a shower?"

Hutzler: "No, sir, but if it's missing I'll help you find it."

Fishburne Enthusiast (at Thanksgiving game): "If A. M. A. was playing Hell, I'll root for Hell."

Loyal A. M. A. Keydet: "Yes, and Hell would need it, too."

A peculiar thing happened the other day, and what even adds to its uniqueness is that a man in Africa and a man right here in Fort Defiance discovered it at the same time. They are working on a plan to revolutionize warfare by crossing a carrier pigeon and a parrot so they can carry verbal messages.

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HOT TIPS (DETECTIVE)

By J. WADE BELL, JR.

It was a weird night, the wind moaned, the crickets howled, and the bellowing of stray cats and canines sent chills up, down, and around ones spine. Josephus Kalvin, famous boiler-room detective and former bathroom athlete was nervously engaged in thought and a five cent cigar (mostly a five cent cigar). A suspense likened unto a sword fastened to the ceiling by the thinnest hair, ready to plunge its whole cruel length into the bosom of a sleeping maiden, filled the cavernous gloom of the night. Josephus' mission was indeed a trying one. Every Sherlock "Nobody" Home trick combined with the clever secret service discoveries made by Kalvin in his thirty odd (very odd) years of experience, must be employed to solve the mystery. Ah-h! Lord Lilly Creek's daughter had been kidnapped by marauding keydets. Whilst she was grazing quietly amidst the daisies of Lilly Valley, to these be-whiskered keydet creatures pounced from the cover of Church Grove upon the defenseless flip. With ape-like agility they bore their winsom burden swiftly away towards the Ad Aspera Caves. Right before the astounded and bulging eyes of Hubby Bowers, private sub-cop of Josephus, the fainting lass was swallowed up in the cave like darkness of Back Arch. Detective Bowers arrived at the mouth of this ghost-like cavity in time to see the heavy spiked iron gate close mockingly in his face. He cunningly peeked through the bars to see these grizzly cave cadets disappear into cell 207 of the mighty amphitheatre of the caves interior.

With this shriveled bit of evidence Josephus deduced this brainey conclusion. With the support of Lee Landes and his Police dogs he would stealthily approach the O. D. house, find out the names of these home breakers and burst upon them with a violence that could not fail.

The detective work of Josephus, far outwitted the beast-like intelligence of the smutty miscreants. Greater than the deed, the reward gave Josephus the hand of the daughter and the high office of Chief of the Camera detectives.

[FINIS]

Fair Young Real Estate Agent: "Could I interest you in Grafton Park."

Cadet: "Lady, you could interest me anywhere."

Top Kick: "Mister, I had a beard like you once and when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

Rear Rank: "Yes, I had a face like yours once, but when I realized I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard."

Poetic Cadet: "I hear the call of Morpheus."

Room-mate: "You'd better get in bed; it might be Major Roller."

Captain: "Jim, are you married?"

Shorts: "Naw, suh, I makes my own livin'."

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THE HAND

At sunset, when the evening star
Shines palely through the eastern haze,
And one lone cloud out yonder, far
 Beyond the world, in ether stays
Suspended; then I know the Hand
 That grasps my soul and lifts it high
Above this bleak and barren land,
 And gives it pow'r to love, to sigh,
To see the beauty in these things,
 To be the selfsame Hand that guides
The floating cloud; the Hand that rings
 The universal curfew, hides
The sunbeams in the golden west
 And leads the stars at morn to rest.

—ANNON.



Major: "Is that your cigarette butt?"
Red: "Go ahead, Major, you saw it first."

Here's to my girl—may the Lord care for her, I can't afford it

Captain: "Give me an example of wasted energy."
Mac: "Telling a hair-raising story to Captain Yarborough."

"Do you know what he did when they gave 'Inspection Arms'?"
"What?"

"He laid down his gun and rolled up his sleeves."

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One day a merchant walked in Isadore's store and said, "Izzy, do you know you have got four doors in this store."

"Why, no," says Izzy, "we have only the front door and the back door, two doors."

"No," says the merchant, "you've got the front door, the back door, Isadore, and the cuspidor."

"Heh, heh," says Izzy; "that's pretty good. I'll have to tell it to my wife."

"Hey, Rachel, do you know we have four doors in this store?"

"Why, no, Izzy," says Rachel. "We have only the front door and the back door."

"Wrong," says Izzy. "We've got the front door, the back door, me, and the spittoon!"

In the early days of the world war Captain Robinson was stationed in the Philippines and received this wire from his chief: "War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your territory."

A few days later his chief received this answer:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, a couple Swedes, a Jew, and an Englishman. Please inform me whom we are at war with."

Prohibition is better than no whiskey at all.

Captain has been married for three years and still holds hands with his wife. They are afraid to let go for fear of killing each other.

Goat: "We don't allow those dogs in our room any more."

Charley: "How come."

Goat: "Why—er they bite holes in the rug."

She: "Good Lord, here comes my husband."

Murphy: "What'll I do."

Edgar and Corn (from under the sofa): "Come back here with us."

Extract from literature theme: "Milton married and wrote *Paradise Lost*. His wife died and he wrote *Paradise Regained*."

My parents told me not to smoke—

I don't.

Nor listen to a dirty joke—

I don't.

They told me it was wrong to wink

At pretty girls, or even think

About intoxicating drink—

I don't.

To dance or flirt was very wrong—

I don't.

Bad men choose women, wine, or song—

I don't.

I've never kissed a girl—not one—

In fact, I don't know how it's done—

You may think I don't have any fun—

I don't.

May (after a good half an hour of it): "And what would you like on your hair, sir."

Keydet: "My hat—just as soon as you can manage it."

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Here lies the body of William Brace;
He was sure one fine fella.
He said in his sleep, "I love you, Grace"—
But his wife's name was Stella.

MARSTON SAYS

In good looks I am not a star,
There are others more lovely by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
Because I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar.

There was a stage star named Celestus
When she danced the applause was tempestus;
She whirled and she tripped,
'Till her shoulder straps slipped
And they had to ring down the asbestos!

"Mine is no idle tale," said the Rat as the court gave him another whack.

The Literary Digest says there's no such word as "gotten." How about,
"Mine gotten Himmel!"

"Sing me a dittie."

"All right, here goes: 'I call my girl lilac, 'cause she can lilac the dickens.'"



Payne to Hutzler: "Did you take a shower?"
Hutzler: "No, sir, but if there's one missing I'll help you look for it."

The entire congregation will now sing that heart-rending ballad entitled,
"You broke my heart when you went away, but I will die if you ever come back."

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There was a young fellow named Paul,
Who went to a fraternity ball;
While doing a funny kind of a dance
He fractured his pants
And had to go home in a shawl!

Marston: "Sweetheart, let me kiss you under the mistletoe."
Sweet Young Thing: "Hell, I wouldn't let you kiss me under an anaesthetic."

Room-mate 1: "I feel a lethargy coming on me."

Room-mate 2: "It might be one of those darned bugs, my bed is full of them."

"I believe this school is haunted."

"Why?"

"They are always talking about the school spirit."

Damn clever, these Chinese,
In their laundry joints,
'Cause they take the buttons off
The most strategic points.

A KEYDET'S ALIBI

I will try with all I have to write
To you a letter every night,
And though sometimes you fail to hear,
Remember, my thoughts are yours, my dear.

You see, a Keydet lives a life
That only one long and strenuous strife
And from early morn till night does fall
He has to answer the bugle call.

So though I fail to write to you
Remember I'm always good and true,
And that I'd gladly give my all—
But I can't—I'm in Study Hall.

Of all my wife's relations, I like myself the best.

HEARD AT THE ZOO

"Oh, looka the bamboo."
"That's not a bamboo—that's a boomerang."

She's just a sailor's sweetheart, but now she's the officer's mess.

THE BAYONET

MY DEAR SWEETHEART

The great love I have expressed for you is false and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you the more you appear to my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself in every way disposed and determined to hate you. I can assure you that I never intended to love you. Our last conversation has left an impression on my mind which by no means impressed me of the extremely high stand of your character. Your temper would make me unhappy. If you and I were married I expect nothing but the hatred of my friends added to the everlasting displeasure of living with you. I have a heart to bestow but I do not desire to imagine it at your service. I could not owe to anyone more inconsistent or capricious than yourself and be capable of doing myself and my family justice. I think you are aware of the fact that I expect sincerity and hope you will favor me by avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter, as you are always full of impertinence and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense (believe me) I am so adverse to you that it is impossible for me to be
your affectionate Sweetheart

P. S. I suppose you were so inquisitive that you read every line of this letter, but I intended for you to read every other line. Now turn back and start over.

—J. H. L.

THE BAYONET

POME OF PASHUN

They stood on the bridge at mid-night The Moon rose out of the clouds
In a park not far from town; And shone like a heart of fire;
They stood on a bridge at mid-night The moon rose out of the clouds
Because they didn't sit down. And kept on rising higher.

How often, oh, how often?
They whispered words so soft,
How often, oh, how often,
How often, oh, how oft?

A sheik by the name of Du Bothe
Took his girl out riding one night,
And when he came to that dark, lonely road
Stopped the car and turned off the lights.
He said, "My dear, the engine's O. K.,
Of that I have taken a note—
But the trouble is this—
I want a hug or a kiss."
And the girl said, "Oh Mister Du Bothe!" (do both).



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THE BAYONET

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